CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

By ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE.

ELSEWHERE in this issue of the combined magazine and book section there will be found the first of a very interesting series of reminiscent articles by Mr. Edward W. Townsend. The world moves swiftly, and there are probably many of the younger generation who do not realize how varied Mr. Townsend's life has been, and that there was a time when he was the author the most discussed and, above all, the most quoted in these United States. It was the mother of the flapper of to-day who felt herself delightfully near the edge of the moral precipice when she echoed the expressive "Wot'ell!" of Mr. Townsend's little Bowery boy, Chimmie Fadden.

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THE star reporter on THE NEW YORK SUN, Mr. Townsend, was one day sent to "cover" a newsboys' dinner at the Brace Memorial Newsboys Lodging House. There the idea of Chimmie Fadden first came to him. At the dinner was the woman, a slum worker, who was the original of Miss Fannie of the stories. After the first tale had been written Mr. Charles A. Dana sent word ordering the writing of the second story. Others followed and began to be known and quoted. One day Mr. Chester S. Lord, then the managing editor of THE SUN, said: "Can't you run up and find that little Bowery chap you've been writing about and get him to talk some more." "Oh," said Townsend, "he's purely an imaginary character." "Then imagine some more about him."

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IT was a very different New York that was reflected for us in those Chimmie Fadden tales of the early nineties. The Bowery was still the Bowery, and was almost as Irish in origin and flavor as it had been in the days of the "Bowery boys." As a companion in life Mr. Townsend bestowed upon Chimmie a French lady's maid, whom Chimmie dubbed "de Duchess." Other characters of the tales were "de Duchess's" mistress, Miss Fannie. Miss Fannie's father, to whom Chimmie flippantly referred to as "His Whiskers," and Mr. Paul, who eventually became Miss Fannie's second husband. One of the drollest of the stories was that which told of the appearance of Chimmie and "de Duchess" at the festivities of the Rose Leaf Social Outing and Life Saving Association. When Mr. Townsend was in San Francisco he and a number of other members of the Bohemian Club spent most of their leisure time cruising about on a yacht. They adopted the humorous title "Rose Leaf Social and Outing Club." On one of these cruises they rescued the crew of a boat that had capsized in the bay, and the "Life Saving" was added in commemoration of this event.

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AFTER the stories that made up the first Chimmie Fadden book had appeared in THE SUN Mr. Townsend went to Mr. Dana to ask permission to have them brought out in book form. Mr. Dana, in giving the required consent, added, as he then thought extravagantly, "And I hope that you sell ten thousand copies." A few months later a close friend of Mr. Dana gave Mr. Townsend a dinner to celebrate the hundred thousandth copy of "Chimmie Fadden" sold. The next morning Mr. Dana went to Mr. Townsend's desk in THE SUN office and, after referring to the dinner, said: "Can you tell me why 'Chimmie Fadden' has reached a hundred thousand?" "Because," replied Townsend, "of the sentimental relations of Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul toward Miss Fannie."

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PROBABLY most readers have forgotten that Mr. Townsend was once challenged to a duel by no less a personage than the late Richard Harding Davis. About the same time that he was writing the "Chimmie Fadden" stories Mr. Townsend was making a certain "Major Max" series the medium of his passing observations on aspects of current life in general. In Richard Harding Davis's "Our English Cousins" there was described the changing of the guard at St. James's in London. With the description Major Max found flippant fault to such effect as to provoke from the creator of "Van Bibber" a challenge worthy of a less hard headed age. Soon after Mr. Davis's "The Princess Aline" appeared and a San Francisco paper telegraphed Mr. Townsend for a 1,500 word review of the book. The review—probably the only book review ever telegraphed—was, however, measured and laudatory and contained no allusion to the narrowly averted "affair of honor."

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"A NEARING middle age woman, still habited in her Sunday-go-to-mass clothes, whose tendency was toward portliness and whose complexion still recalled the rose." So T. Morris Longstreth in "The Laurentians" records his first impression of Madame Bedard, who was the original of Louis Hemon's "Maria Chapdelaine." As Francois Paradis, the hero of the romance, said to the father, *"Votre fille, c'est different; elle a change; mais je l'aurais bien reconnu tout de suite."* Longstreth and his companion found her in the Lake St. John country of the tale; at Peribonka, to be exact. The travelers' greeting was: "Bon jour, madame, is Mademoiselle Maria Chapdelaine in?" But she was not complimented. "This is Monsieur Samuel Bedard's house," she said. As Monsieur Bedard later explained, "There's nothing in the book that she's ashamed of. It is a very nice book. But one doesn't like one's life paraded before the curious, does one?"

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HOSPITABLY, the travelers were invited in to dine, and over the table Monsieur Bedard told of Louis Hemon, who died at the age of 33, the victim of a railway accident: "Yes, Louis Hemon spent the winter with us, a silent man and frail. I don't think our winter agreed with him. He said that he was after health and wished to work in the fields. The work in the bush was too hard for him, so he worked with me here and in the evenings wrote. We did not know that he was writing about us, until one day after he had gone there came three copies of the book. I am afraid they've all been taken. People will take things, you know."

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ANOTHER and far greater heroine if fiction is reflected in certain pages of R. Thurston Hopkins's "Thomas Hardy's Dorset," which has also been already reviewed in an earlier issue of the book section. The family from which Tess of the d'Urbervilles was descended was originally Turberville, and dated from Hastings, Sir Payne de Turberville coming over with William the Conqueror. Toward the end of the thirteenth century the family, always a turbulent one, settled in the neighborhood which was the scene of the Hardy novel. Bryant's Puddle, a very rude little hamlet situated on the River Piddle, a little to the southwest of Bere, receives its title from Brian de Turberville, who was lord of the manor in the reign of Edward III. At a later period the Turbervilles came into the possession of Bere Regis.

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THAT was the time that the family, reduced to such an abject condition in Tess's lifetime, was at its zenith. Increased wealth, derived from the spoils of Tarent Abbey, which was broken up, stimulated riotous extravagance which brought eventual downfall. After 1710 the old manor house of the Turbervilles became strangely silent. "Their time was over and gone, the wine had been drunk, the singers had departed. But the stories of their carousals and great deeds were still a matter for dispute and discussion in the village inn, and the eerie old house was especially regarded with feelings of awe and few cared to go near it after dark."

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NATURALLY many men and women of letters pass through the pages of Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow's "Random Memories," which has just been published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. The old Craigie House, where the author was born and where his distinguished father lived almost from the time of his appointment as professor of belles-lettres at Harvard till his death in 1882, was a conspicuous center, attracting eminent Americans and prominent literary visitors from England. It was through the publisher, James T. Fields, author of "Yesterdays With Authors," that most of the Englishmen found their way to Craigie House. Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow remembers Fields as "a large man with a superb, curly black beard, a great *raconteur*. His wife was rather small and frail looking. If he got a crumb lodged in his beard she would say, 'Jamie, there is a gazelle in the garden,' which amused his friends and became a household expression in our family."

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ENGLISH visitors were not always as gracious and satisfactory as they might have been. For example, Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes) on his numerous visits to America often dined with the Longfellows. "He was very genial, but rather eccentric, and had very bad table manners. . . . I saw him afterward in London, where he came to call on my wife and me. He did nothing but laugh, as if he thought it was a huge joke that he should have returned our call at all; but in spite of the times he had dined at my father's house in Cambridge he did not invite us to his house, nor did his daughters return my wife's call. Different countries, different ways." Nor was Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow any more impressed with Anthony Trollope, finding him "a very loud voiced individual, with the true Britsh self-confidence. He boasted that he made a practice of always writing just so many hours a day, whether he felt like it or not, which accounts for much of his long drawn out tediousness."

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THACKERAY, Mr. Longfellow does not remember, but Dickens on his second visit was at Craigie House several times for luncheon or dinner, and Mr. Longfellow recalls the famous walking match between the Englishman and the publisher Osgood, to which allusion has been recently made in the book section. But on the whole the American visitors seem to have made far the best impression. Bayard Taylor was one. "He was a very handsome man of fine carriage, and must have looked superb in the Arab costume which he wore in his travels in the East. He had many thrilling tales to tell of his explorations of unknown lands." Bret Harte in Boston had so little sense of locality that young Longfellow was asked to pilot him back to his lodgings after his first visit to Craigie House. When Harte delivered a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society every one was disappointed at his rather commonplace and not at all appropriate selection. "But it was whispered about privately that the reason was that the poem he had prepared for the occasion was destroyed the night before by his wife, who was known to be out of her mind, so he had to take whatever he had on hand."

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OF course William Dean Howells, when he went to live in Cambridge, proved to be a welcome visitor. No one needs to be told that. "A charming, genial man," says Mr. Longfellow, "with a keen sense of humor and a delightful laugh easily provoked. My father, as well as the rest of us, grew to be very fond of him." Indorsement of the James brothers is not quite so hearty, E. W. L. finding Henry James, Sr., perhaps more interesting than either of his celebrated sons. "Prof. William James belonged to a dining club with me in Cambridge and was a most delightful comrade, though I must confess sometimes too profound for my comprehension. His brother Harry, as we call him, was nearer my age and, like his father, was a charming talker when in the mood, which was not always."

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"I HAD almost forgotten Dr. Holmes, the dear little man," writes Mr. Longfellow. "He was like a sparrow, always chirping so gayly. I remember one memorable lunch at Nahant when were present the doctor, Mr. Sumner, Prof. Agassiz, Mr. Appleton, my father and myself. How gay the talk was and how brilliant! It would be hard to find four more wonderful talkers than the first four. I sat next to Dr. Holmes, and when he was not firing off volleys of firecrackers in response to the sallies of the others he was plying me with questions. I think it was Dr. Holmes who related that once in a small town he had struggled hard to get a laugh out of his audience. All his funniest sallies fell flat. Much discouraged, he finished the lecture and was about to depart, when one of the Selectmen came up and thanked him warmly for the lecture and remarked that 'some of the things you said were so funny that it was all we could do not to laugh.' In view of the amiable picture of the doctor readers will be inclined to forgive Mr. Longfellow the antiquity of the anecdote.

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ANOTHER occasional visitor to Craigie House was the "Wicked" Sam Ward, so called to distinguish him from the "Good" Sam Ward, who was a banker and the agent of the Barings in America. Sam Ward had been a fellow student of the elder Longfellow in Germany and always had a warm affection for him, in spite of their being dissimilar in every way. Says E. W. L.: "He was a most charming and agreeable man. He on several occasions sold poems for my father to newspapers or publishers at a much higher price than my father would have dared to ask. He was the brother of Julia Ward Howe and uncle of Marion Crawford, the novelist, and it was owing to his urging that the latter wrote his first book, 'Mr. Isaacs,' which had an immediate success."

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THERE was a certain incorrigible Olympian ponderosity about those Bostonians of the days of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell. They draped themselves in their togas. Mark Twain, in a memorable after dinner speech, attempted flippancy at their expense and repented in sackcloth and ashes. Even in their humor, when it was good, they were frigidly Bostonian. Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow recalls that the great rival wits of Boston were Daniel Curtis and Thomas Gold Appleton. It was Mr. Curtis who called Nahant "Cold Roast Boston," and it was he who one cold winter day entered the Studio Building on Tremont street and said that he wished that some one would tether a shorn lamb on the corner of Winter street, a particularly exposed and windy corner.

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THOMAS GOLD APPLETON'S most familiar *bon mot* was that "all good Americans go to Paris when they die." But Mr. Longfellow, in "Rambling Memories" is not content with that sample of his wit. For example, he tells us: "There was in Boston at one time a very plain spinster of uncertain age by the name of Joy. Mr. Appleton used to say of her, 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.' He was once at a wedding reception where no wine was served; when he asked the waiter for some champagne and was told that there was none, he remarked: 'Ah, Got ahead of our Saviour, have they?' referring of course to the marriage of Cana. Some one asked him if he knew the lady who was driving with Mr. Hearn; he said he supposed it was 'his'n.' When one of us children had lost a tooth he would say, 'Sharper than a serpent's fang, it is to have a toothless child.' Also he was fond of saying, 'Man wants but little here below, but wants that little Longfellow.'"

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ACCORDING to the monthly score in the July *Bookman* the novels most in demand are:

1. "If Winter Comes," Hutchinson.
2. "To the Last Man," Grey.
3. "Brass," Norris.
4. "Maria Chapdelaine," Hemon.
5. "Helen of the Old House," Wright.
6. "The Head of the House of Coombe," Burnett.
7. "Her Father's Daughter," Stratton-Porter.
8. "The Great Prince Shan," Oppenheim.
9. "Saint Theresa," Harrison.
10. "Cytherea," Hergesheimer.

Works of non-fiction in demand are:

1. "The Outline of History," Wells.
2. "Queen Victoria," Strachey.
3. "The Americanization of Edward Bok," Bok.
4. "The Story of Mankind," Van Loon.
5. "The Mirrors of Washington," Anonymous.
6. "Woodrow Wilson as I Know Him," Tumulty.
7. "The Mind in the Making," Robinson.
8. "The Mirrors of Downing Street," Anonymous.
9. "Outwitting Our Nerves," Jackson and Salisbury.
10. "The Glass of Fashion," Anonymous.

Authors' Works And Their Ways

Archibald Marshall has changed his plans for his new autumn novel, and instead of publishing "The Rectory Family," as already announced, he has decided to complete a story which he had started and temporarily put aside. The new book will probably bear the title "Pippin" and is a story of the English countryside.

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Joseph C. Lincoln has completed the manuscript of a new novel which the Appletons will publish in the late autumn. Having finished his labors upon it, he has proceeded to his summer home on Cape Cod.

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A book about Charles Dickens as a dramatist and critic from the pen of Alexander Woollcott, the dramatic critic, is to be published by Putnams next autumn. Its title is "Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play."

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The play by Ben Hecht, author of the novel "Erik Dorn," has just been tried out in San Francisco and is due to come to New York next autumn. Its title is "A Mountebank of Emotion" and it will be produced in New York at about the time Hecht's new novel "Gargoyles" is to appear.

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One of the interesting things about Gilbert Frankau (author of "Peter Jameson" and a number of other novels), whose "Love Story of Aliette Brunton" was published here in June, is that his Julia Cavendish of the new novel is more or less a picture of Julia Frankau, his mother, well known in England and America under her pen name of Frank Danby. Like the mother of the hero of his book, "Frank Danby" was a prolific novelist. The character of the book is a strong and a touching one, which has been singled out by the English critics for especial praise.

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Robert Haven Schauffler, author of "Fiddler's Luck," that set of stories of a musician with the armies, is just back from England, where he has been writing poetry and whiling away the time with his cello for several months.

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The restored cabin which once sheltered Mark Twain on Jackass Hill at Sonora, Cal., was presented on June 10 to Tuolumne county by W. J. Loring, a mining operator, with Gov. Stephens making the principal address. At the barbecue which followed there was provision for 2,000 guests.

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Mrs. Norris's new novel, "Certain People of Importance," which Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish in the early autumn, will not be serialized. In this book Mrs. Norris is said to have worked with a larger canvas than she has before employed. She has depicted not only a drama of individuals but that of a family and a class.

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The system of rhythmical musical education developed by Emile Jacques Daleroze and described in his book "Rhythm, Music and Education," has been adopted as a compulsory course in all Russian schools under the Soviet educational administration.